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Drops, disconcerted, and distrest,
And sinks into its silent nest;
All nature dreads the *caustic power*,
And beauty closes up her flower.

Take then in time, the wiser part,
Pluck this ill habit from the heart;
Cast off thy wreath of Aconite,
From Cynic change to parasite,
In velvet sheath conceal thy claws,
And, with soft flattery, purr applause.
Employ thy pen in prittle-prattle,
And still be snake, but drown thy rattle;
For satire still with all *his cant*,
Has more or less of sycophant.

Come forth, and dare the searching sun,
Nor like the base assassin, run,
Nor still remain, as now thou'rt seen,
The monster of a magazine;
So shalt thou rise to worldly fame,
And borrow a sublimer name,
Than now you share with Johnson's wife,
A POISONER of the BREAD of LIFE. X.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Written by a girl, only 13 years of age.

REJOICE, rejoice, the lovely child,
Has just escap'd a world of woe,
Clos'd are its eyes that beam'd so mild,
Oh! let not tears of sorrow flow.

Its limbs were all convuls'd with pain,
It linger'd till the close of day,
Oh! then a mother's tears were vain,
It sigh'd its little soul away.

That soul as white, as pure as snow,
To Heaven all spotless did return,
Oh! then rejoice, feel no more woe,
It smiles upon you while you mourn.
Balitore.

AD SOMNUM.

SOMNE levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori,
Alma quies, optata: veni! nam sic sine vita,
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

TRANSLATED.

SOFT Sleep, best image of our final rest,
Come to my couch and close my drooping eye;
How sweet with thee, oh! ever welcome guest!
Lifeless to live, unbound by death to die.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE following verses are extracted from a manuscript poem found among the papers of a friend of mine, now no more. The subject is, Remarks on the Poets and Versifiers of this part of Ireland. As in some parts it alludes to names now almost forgotten, and in others, deals out censures in a manner, that many would think too severe, I do not wish to lay the whole before the public; but as the passage I have selected is not liable to these exceptions, and relates to a person, who has excited no small degree of interest, not only in this province, but in the sister kingdom, I thought that it might not be unacceptable. It must be remembered, it was composed soon after the Poet, who is the subject of it, had written his verses on Commerce, which were handed about in manuscript some years before any intention of publishing his works was intimated. Had the book been published, probably the Critic's sentiments would have been somewhat changed.

The latter part has no particular connection with the former, but as it strikes at no particular person, and is merely intended to expose the absurdities of many of those Poets who figure in the corner of a Newspaper, it is annexed to show the spirit which pervades the whole. Yours,

AMICUS.

FROM genius in its mid-day blaze,
Let us avert our dazzled gaze,
To milder splendours turn our eyes,
And view young genius in its rise;
For see, with emulation fir'd,
With true poetic flames inspir'd,
Young ROBINSON appears; a name
Scarce enter'd on the rolls of fame;
Yet on his birth the Muses smil'd,
And hail'd him as their favourite child.
Smit with his dawning infant charms,
They fondly nurs'd him in their arms,
And as they lull'd him to repose,
Their most melodious strain they chose;
Then smil'd to hear the infant bard,
Lisping, repeat the notes he heard.

Hail! reverend PERCY, sacred name,
Wilt thou my zeal officious blame?
Wilt thou the proffer'd incense spurn,
That rises from my humble urn?
PERCY, whose keen research explor'd
The mines with ancient learning stor'd,
Op'd the recesses where they lay,
Neglected victims of decay,
And taught the modern poet's rhymes,
To chaunt the tale of other times.

Thine is the will, and thine the power,
To nurse this early blooming flower;
To move it from the mountain's side,
And bid it blow, your garden's pride,
Screen'd from each gale of chilling breath,
Which else had blasted it to death;
To see beneath your fostering hand,
Its full-blown flower mature expand.

Oh! blest of heaven, on whom o'erflows
The bounties which its hand bestows,
More blest, who to their proper use
These heavenly bounties can diffuse;
Can seek the humble secret shed,
Where modest merit hides his head,
Unbind his fetters, bid him rise,
And soar unshackl'd to the skies;
PERCY, thy philanthropic mind
A well earn'd recompence shall find:
Each laurel that has bound the brows
Of those who by thy bounty rose,
Shall join to form a wreath divine,
Thy honour'd temples to entwine.

Nor less his praise on whom the care
Devolves this nursling plant to rear;
This meed of well earn'd praise to you,
Respected BRUCE, is justly due:
Thine is the task, the pleasing pain,
Its early budding shoots to train,
Its wild luxuriance to repress,
To feed the growth, yet check th' excess,
Each branch in order to confine,
And perfect nature's fair design.

Methinks, when mounting on his horse,
And panting for the glorious course,
I see thee, by thy pupil's side,
His youthful ardour sagely guide;
Point out the path in which to run,
And teach what dangers he must shun;
His generous courser when restrain,
When urge his flight, and loose the rein.
So when the god, that lights the heav'n,
His chariot to his son had giv'n,
Ere yet the youthful charioteer,
The venturous course prepares to steer;
Or ere the lofty seat he mounts,
His parent anxiously recounts
The hidden dangers that surround
His journey o'er the vast profound,
Instructs him how, with skilful hand,
The fiery coursers to command,
To check their fury, guide their way
Along th' appointed path of day,
Which mid-way lies 'twixt pole and pole,
And gain, at length, the distant goal.

Oh! thou! whose early thoughts aspire,
To claim Apollo for thy sire,
Warn'd by the example of his son,
When thou the same bold course would'st run,
Trust not thy heedless youth, be wise,
Nor rashly scorn thy friend's advice,
For know, though fair and smooth appear,
The path o'er which your course you steer,
Though flowers of various blooming dies
Beneath your coursers' feet arise,
Unnumber'd demons of the night,
Of monstrous form will blast your sight.
See, malice rears his serpent crest,
And aims his venom at your breast;
See envy whets her scorpion stings;
Detraction, side-long striking, brings
Her crab-like claws, and calls on Scorn,
And Ignorance with butting horn,
And all the monsters that beset
The flaming zodiac of wit,
To join united in the war,
And hurl thee head-long from the car.

Let not their terrors tempt thy soul,
To sink beneath their base controul,
Nor quench thy heaven-descended flame,
For ever in oblivion's stream.
But for thy aid let learning wield
Her adamantine sevenfold shield;
Let wit her keenest darts afford,
And science wave her flaming sword,
Before whose blaze these forms decay,
Like spectres from the fire of day.

Shall I a numerous train rehearse,
The ephemerides of verse;
Bubbles, that in the muses' fount,
Are form'd and to the surface mount,
Mere froth, which soon as e'er you find 'em,
Vanish, nor leave a trace behind 'em.
An embryo tribe, unknown to fame,
Bastards, without a parent's name:
Things, which our daily papers use
To fill a gap for lack of news.
Freed from the bird each little master,
A kind of would-be poetaster,
Feels something buzzing in his head,
The crude remains of what he's read;
So grasps his pen, to write some pretty
Sonnet, in praise of Jane or Kitty;
Or should the kindling glow inspire
His bosom with more furious fire,
He pens a strain, where short and long
Verses in wild confusion throng,
Where grammar, rhyme, and sense contending,
Wrangle in discord never ending,
Perpetual civil war maintaining,
A mass chaotic void of meaning,
A labyrinth, with no clue supply'd,
Our long bewilder'd thoughts to guide,
Where reason vainly seeks a road,
This Babel then he stiles an ode!

How vain, how useless, SUTHERLAND,
The wonders of thy magic hand,
Which o'er the mountain's barren side,
Extends the forest's verdant pride,

And bids an Eden bloom around,
Where nought but bog and moor was found;
These toils give o'er, your thoughts employ,
Your former labours to destroy,
Let every pine, each royal oak,
Yield to the sturdy woodman's stroke,
Spare not a root, but boldly grub,
From towering tree, to humble shrub,
Fir, poplar, alder, beech, lime, larch,
And in their stead, plant groves of birch;
Let these through every vale and glade,
Expand their salutary shade;
Then when our wits their homes forsake,
And solitary rambles take,
To court the Muse, and lose their wits,
To cure them of their frantic fits,
This tree before their haggard eyes,
In solemn majesty may rise,
And as above their heads it waves,
Its dreadful dunce-denouncing leaves,
May seem, with awful hollow roar,
To murmur, "go and sin no more!!"

SELECTED POETRY.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Said to be written by Dean Swift.

WITH a whirl of thought, opprest,
I sunk from reverie to rest;
A horrid vision seiz'd my head....
I saw the graves give up their dead.
Jove, arm'd with terror bursts the skies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies,
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne.
While each pale sinner shook his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said:
"Offending race of human-kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind!
You who, through frailty, stept aside,
And you who never fell....through pride;
You who, in different sects, were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd.
(So some folks told you, but they knew,
No more of Jove's designs than you)
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more:
I, to such blockheads set *my* wit!—
I, damn such fools! go, go, you're BIT,'

ELEGY

ON THE SLAIN IN FLODDEN FIELD,
Written shortly after the battle.

I HAVE heard of a lilting, at our ewes' milking,
Lasses a lilting 'fore the break of day;
But now there's a moaning, on every green loaning,
That our bra' foresters are aw wede away.
At boughts in the morning, no blythe lads are scorning.
The lassies are lonely, dowie and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbin,
Eche one lifts her leglin and hies her away.
At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
'Mong stacks, with the lasses at bogie to play;
But ilk one sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The flowers of the forest that are aw wede away.
At har'st, in the sheering, nae youngsters are jeering,
The bansters are runkled, lyart and gay,
At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching
Since our bra' for'sters are aw wede away.
O dool for the order, sent our lads to the border,
The English, for anes, by guile gat the day;
The flowers of the forest, that anes shone the foremost,
The pride of our land lies cauld in the clay.
We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes' milking,
The women and bairns are aw dowie and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our bra' for'sters are aw wede away.

VERSES,

BY LORD SURREY, ON HIS MISTRESS.

GIVE place ye lovers, here before,
That spent your boasts, and bragges in vain,
My lady's beauty passeth more,
The best of yours (I dare well say'n,)
Than doth the sunne the candle light,
Or brightest day, the darkest night.

And thereto, hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the faire;
For what she says, you may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were,
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfite mould,
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands, how did she cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore, with raging minde,
(Her kingdom only set aparte)
There was no losse by law of kinde,
That could have gone so near her heart,
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She could not make the like agayn.